

Don't chance by Jesuisangedeshu

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Summary: It's the one story of the what not's of gay romance. I really don't know how else to put it.

Don't chance

It's not over, no not yet. I can't let this go. Do you really think that this is that easy? Why not?

I sit in the dark corner of my room, the one without any light. The corner that I can think best in. I wait in silence for him to call. I have the worst feeling in the world. I have the feeling of emptiness. I can't think straight. I want to call him, but have to resist because I know that if I call him, I couldn't contain myself. He's been in my life for one year now.

I want him to explain why he won't admit it. We both know that there is something there. There is something between us, something that is a lot more than "just friends" I know that for a fact, I can look into his eyes and tell what's wrong with him. I see all of his hopes and dreams. I hear it in his voice when he speaks. I know that I shouldn't be saying these things about something that I have been told over and over again. I know that it was all just playful gestures. I know that he didn't really grab my hand because he longed for my touch as much as I do his.

Earlier today, we went to an ice skating rink. I was off to the east side of the rink. He was in the middle of the rink. Circled around him a couple of times before the safe keepers of the ice had to tell him start to move. I had teased him for being scolded.

"Haha, you're such a dork," I teased, I smiled he was just so cute.

"Thanks, Why don't you come over here, and help me move?" He asked my heart fluttered and dropped straight out of my chest. I couldn't help but notice his eye color again. I'm a sucker for dully light eyes. I love how they are so sad and mysterious at the same time.

"Okay, here we go," I moved behind him, but he spun around. I looked at him puzzled.

That's when it happened. He reached for my hand, I looked at him but he didn't catch my gaze. His fingers were interlocked between

mines. I looked down at my skates for a few seconds before he disengaged.

"Let's go," He motioned toward me, I skated goofily to him.

He chuckles playfully at me awkwardness. I shoot a look toward him; he meets it and holds my gaze for three seconds before he looks away towards the two girls on the side.

It's not real I think to myself *I know that this feels real, but it will never be, so snap out of it you idiot.* I looked away. I felt the tears starting to well up in my eyes. He was just playing around.

I snap back to my room. I'm still sitting in my dark corner, except this time, I don't let my tears hold in my eyes. I let them fall freely, I try to see through them, but I can only see the blurred visions of my nostalgic room. My Scooby doo covers, my posters on the wall all from my childhood. I try to remember the good times of childhood, but all of the images are blurred into the mutilated teenager years.

I fight the urge to scream into one of my pillows. I want to scream, not only at myself, but at the world, at everything. I want to be non-existent. I can feel all of these emotions welling up inside of me.

Then I hear the phone ring.

I want to scream loudly into the mic; instead I pick up the phone and breathe deeply.

"Hello?" I say as calmly as I possibly could.

"Hey, can we talk?" It's his voice on the other end. I can't help but pick up the fact that it sounds like he's been crying.

"About what?" I ask.

"Today, I really don't know what happened." He snuffles

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm just really out of it I guess."

I want to scream at him, I want him to be gone. He blows his nose into a napkin.

"You okay?" I ask him

"Yeah, I am."

I begin to feel that he's lying to me. I feel bad for him; he isn't usually as bad as this. He never actually tells me that he's okay. I can now guarantee that he's not what he says he is.

"What's wrong?" I ask him, trying desperately moving the conversation along. I know that he's always thinking about the next thing to say, instead of just saying it. I've told him before that he doesn't have to watch what he's saying around me. I really couldn't care less if he insulted someone.

"Well, it was about today. I really don't know what was going on."

"What do you mean?" I ask him, curiously.

"I mean, I didn't mean to. . . I don't know. I wanted to be straight. I wanted not to think of you that way. I wanted everything to be normal for my life. I now realize that I can't lead a normal life without you in it." He spills out everything all in two breaths. I can't believe that he's saying this. I want him to be happy with his choice.

"Well, I don't know, what would everyone think?" I ask him, trying to make him sure of his emotions.

"I don't care. I'm beginning to get the feeling that I can't be without you. I want you." He confesses.

At first, I can't believe it. I want him to be here with me. In my dark corner of my room, where there is no light.

"Why?" I ask, I throw in a mix of different feelings, "after all this time, I've been telling you all of these feelings that I have for you. Every time I had been shut down, you always told me that you were straight. I really believed you. I wanted you to be with me, as much as you want me to be with you right now. I don't know if I want to be with you right now." I breathe deeply; there is silence on the other

end of the line.

I wait.

I wait for what seems to be an eternity. I finally hear him exhale on the other side.

"So what does that mean? Do you not want to be with me?" He says in disbelief.

"No, it doesn't. It means that before you jump into anything irrational, you should think of your decisions first." I am surprised that I'm saying this. I had always imagined this moment to be a Hollywood moment. I imagined I'd say yes, and run to him in a full embrace.

This time, the real time, it was a lot different.

"This is what feels right." He says, after a few beats.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow." I end the call.

The next day I wake up, not knowing what to feel. I shake myself out of bed. Throw on clothes, and stop at the bathroom to brush my teeth, I look into the mirror and am not surprised at what I see.

My reflection is somewhat like a Taylor Lautner in his younger years. Everyone says that I am a waste of a good man, because I am so cute. I look behind me to see if anyone is looking. I lock the door and I look back into the mirror.

I reminisce about the days my parents told me about romantic love. How they stressed that how they met and what the thought about love in the first place. I remember that when I came out to them, they just flipped the story upside down. They told me that it'll be 30 times harder for me, because I am a guy. They told me when a guy wants another guy, It's unacceptable, they tried to explain to me what I would go through if I was open about it.

I hoped that one day, my romance with this guy could be, Real.